

THE
TRIUMPH
OF
BRUTES,
A SATIRE
ON THIS
CALEDONIAN AGE.

Brutes are my Theme. Am I to blame

If Men in Morals are the same?

GAY.



(lines 51+52 from fable 1., 2nd series.)

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THE

TRIUMPH

OF

THE

ARTIST

ON

CALLING DOWN A GAY

Plates are in the margin. And 1 to plate

LONDON

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A
S A T I R E
O N
M A N K I N D.

Volume 10 P+e e.d.
SAY, foolish Man! why, whence, or how, so weak?
And yet so cramm'd with Latin, Hebrew, Greek:
Why such a searcher after classic lore,
When reason's treated like a turn'd-off whore?
Why all this seeming stir of being national,
And tho' nam'd KING of BRUTES, not even rational.

B

God,

God, we are told, endow'd thee with a *mind*,
 And form'd thee diff'rent from the savage kind:
 That thou'rt distinguish'd Man is very clear,
 For if thou'rt more than Ass—thou'rt less than Bear.
 If I might choofe (and transmigration's just)
 After this dull, insipid storm of dust,
 I'd be a chieftain of the *Lybian* woods,
 Or a slow shark, the butcher of the floods;
 Bishop of Asses, or a prince of Dogs;
 Or croak the base to theatres of frogs.
 If, with a vulgar ray of genius blest,
 Scold like a magpye from my cover'd nest.
 If love of wealth, and industry should please,
 Slave in the strict republic of bees,
 As a recluse, the squirrel I would choofe;
 Hoard sylvan viands on the pendent boughs,
 In some brown, mossy, solitary wood,
 Gather up summer's nuts for winter's food.

But

But if reptitious, give a serpent's guile,
 Or weep deceit with crocodiles of Nile :
 Ought but that thing call'd Man, so meanly base,
 Yet so presumptive on his upright race.

I never yet was proud of being rational ;
 I have it not, nor am I either *national*.
 I'd be the meanest, vulgarest animal,
 Rather than strut erect, a man, and canibal.
 Man of all monsters form'd from humble dust,
 By Heaven intended noble, virtuous, just ;
 Yet deviates most ; of the creation least,
 Tho' form'd superior, sinks below the beast.
 Is there a reptile of the meanest kind
 That cannot give a lesson to mankind ?
 Does not the beast observe the circle given,
 And keep the path first pointed out by Heaven ?
 Does he encroach upon another's food,
 Or sigh for dainties of the mighty flood ?

Horses

Horfes with horfes, with affes affes graze,
 One neighs in concert, and the other brays.
 Man difcontented from the rocking cradle,
 Frets on, and finds his wifh at laft a *ladle*.

The greateft ftates from beafts have drawn their laws,
 And brutes have fav'd them from impending woes :
 When armed angels held the narrow pafs,
 Bala'm furviv'd by rhetorick in his afs ;
 Æfop thro' beaft to Phrygia moral taught,
 And Phœdrus 'bove Athenian Plato wrote ;
 Long Troy repell'd the mighty Grecian Force,
 And ow'd at laft her ruin to a Horfe ;
 From ferpents teeth Cadmean horfes rofe,
 And haughty Rome from vultures, wolves, and daws ;
 But when half-conquer'd by the bloody Gauls
 A fimple Goose drove Brennus from her walls
 Ulyffes learn'd his fubtilty from dogs ;
 And nervous *Homer* tun'd the bafe of frogs ;

Melodious

Melodious Maro lost his *Mantuan* home ;
 And yet a gnat restor'd the muse in Rome ;
 Chaucer and Spencer from the feather'd choir
 Stole their wild notes, and tun'd them on the lyre ;
 Nature gave Shakespeare, in her own behalf,
 Her own dear genius from a dying calf :
 Waller obtain'd his theory of love
 From th' flutt'ring sparrow and the billing dove ;
 The vig'rous bull debauch'd a Wilmot's pen ;
 And all the sparrow's ven'ry glares in Behn ;
 Droll Moliere, that man of various shapes,
 Was F. R. S. amongst the realm of apes ;
 Sage De la Motte invok'd the leathern bat ;
 And Montaigne purr'd the genius of his cat ;
 Melodious Dryden from the soaring lark
 Ravish'd his true poetic, heav'nly spark ;
 Harmonious Pope, the comet of his time,
 From Tott'nham asses made his Dunciad chime ;

Swift from the stink of foxes learn'd to pun ;
 → And Gay be-rhim'd the mouse, till quite undone ;
 Light mimic Cibber, whom the maggot fir'd,
 Fed them with brains, when brains he most requir'd.

Beast now inspire ! the modern times commence,
 When dullness, join'd with heavy ignorance,
 Usurp the leaden throne. Raven descend,
 And spare thy croaking, elegiac friend !
 Quit for awhile thy carrion city-feast,
 And tho' inverse thou'rt hoardest, yet not least ;
 Behold those maggots on poetic feet ; —
 Are they not, raven, most inviting meat ?
 Let them like stinking sheep employ thy time,
 Devour their little brains, and stop the gleet of rhyme.

Turn, dismal bird ! behold that dismal crowd
 Of ragged poets, impotent and loud :

Is there a beast among the vast creation
 Will spare his instinct to the occupation?
 Or in a softer, or salubrious clime,
 Bestow a skin to cloath the sons of rhyme?
 Will beast exchange the knowledge of the fields
 For all the mighty nonsense M——y wields?
 Or will the fish forsake the limpid floods
 For all the Helicon that S——y muds?
 Or will the eagle quit æthereal flights
 For all the mighty medley S--m--t writes?
 Will the dull noddy * leave the salt sea coasts
 For the subscription distich W——ff boasts?
 Say, will the cat, the critic of the mice,
 Her talons spare for W——y's starv'd advice?
 Will curs give up variety of bone
 To quote quotations with a snarling V——n?
 Sooner would owls accept the solar rays
 Than whoot in concert with a frantic H--ys?

* A bird only seen in Southern climes, full of lice.

Humanity will be receiv'd by hawks
 Before tautology abandons Fa--kes ;
 Say, will the large republic of mites
 Quit a good cheefe for all that W. writes ?
 Whose genius, charity, and wit records
 The scribbling excrements of coſtly lords.
 But, to ſurpaſs each rhiming vulgar elf,
 See Horace print his library himſelf :
 How plain it is, to all it muſt appear,
 Why ſellers drive their chariots half the year.
 But ſhould it prove an epidemic ill,
 Librarian Dons muſt trudge up Highgate-hill.
 Raven, obſerve what flutt'ring ſwarms ariſe,
 Thicker than W.'s curious butterflies :
 Mayn't I as well enumerate the ſtars
 As count the Quixots of the paper-wars?
 Turn where I will large *magazines* appear,
 Replenish'd monthly thro' the tedious year.

To

To each, I'm sure, one hundred heads belong,
 And ev'ry blockhead moves a double tongue,
 Oft have I trembl'd for the realms of sense,
 Left they should blow up reason's little fence;
 For all combustibles are fire and smoke : —
 " Hold ! " cries the printer, — " No predestin'd joke ;
 " Suspend the *crack* : — The public's greatest care
 " Is to prevent explosions in the air ;
 " Besides the consternation it would raise —
 " A conflagration of the sons of *Bays* ."
 True, worthy Sir, why should so many fall,
 Whose heads with reason never ach'd at all ?
 Unless you judge them as a Popish clime,
 And burn the whole as heretics in rhyme :
 'Tis done — a noble thought — the pile prepare,
 Be that industrious beaver first thy care.
 Let various S — t, with his British verse,
 Ascend,
 Romance the undertaker to his hearse.

D

And

And, if he pleases, let him there abuse
 The bench, the dire confiner of his muse.
 From St. John's Gate lead Mr. Urban next,
 Permitted not a tautologic text.
 Let royal navy Ba——w mount the pile,
 But not a moment to defend his style.
 Let the compilers of the Christians move,
 As clergy make them offer pray'rs to Jove.
 Command a chorus of Amen in turn,
 That, martyrs-like, these sons may smile, and burn.
 Next, two by two, in penance sack-cloth clad,
 Lead that society, by scribbling mad ;
 Upon each lunatic these words be writ,
 " We never yet were chronicles in wit."
 And if presumption broke thro' reason's rules,
 We'll burn, t' atone, in comfort with these fools.
 Imperial, Protestant, and Moral come,
 Dull, and dejected, conscious of their doom.

With

With worldly prudence to secrete their names,
 And unlamented crackle in the flames.
 With sober sadness, dignity, and grace,
 Poetic Caroline next took her place ;
 Leading ten raving, rhyming sisters on,
 Virgins of Bedlam, not of Helicon.
 Yet good in this, that vortex of the brain,
 Rend'ring the fair less sensible of pain.
 But when these *Heliconides* appear,
 The very ravens shed the sooty tear.
 The gen'rous sisterhood their carrion leave,
 And in a dirge their dissolution grieve.—
 At Tyburn's tree an execution tend,
 You'll see less mourning for a pendent friend.
 Must not this stir the *cockles* of your heart,
 When birds of prey perform the Christian's part?

The pension'd infidels the next appear,
 H— in the front, M' P—n in the rear :

The

The former bore the clouded *Ossian* song,
 The latter groan'd it as he limp'd along.
 G—y and J—n in the center roll'd,
 And bore up Malloch, whom Elvira fold :
 The aged genius mourn'd his rigid case,
 And begg'd one year t' enjoy a *partial* place ;
 He vow'd he had no meaning in his wit ;
 Who reign'd attach'd him, whether Bute or Pitt.

J—n, that various man, of various parts,
 More skill'd in scratching than the liberal arts,
 Confess'd his Dictionary like his head,
 Tho' full of reading, never to be read.
 G—y, that child of Smollet's, stalk'd astray,
 Like the Flamingo when in search of prey.
 In gait and dress as awkward, harsh in song,
 Full of variety, and always wrong :
 Yet hop'd the navy would his cause defend,
 As what he writ they could not comprehend.

Pleading,

Pleading, his genius must be great indeed,
 For what he writ nine hundred could not read !
 Who would imagine that the sons of sea
 Would hire a dunce to teach them A B C ?

As these dull pensioners drew near the pile,
 The brimstone leer dispell'd the oatmeal smile :
 " Repriev'd you shall be," was their patron's word ;—
 What Scot has reason to mistrust his lord ?
 St. Andrew only knows the horrid cause,
 For, savage-like, they fell by savage laws.
 The fow their old dear advocate maintain'd ;
 How great their hopes in Heav'n, where Andrew reign'd.
 But all her *gruntings* were in vain below,
 For none but Andrew lov'd a dirty fow.
 There fled the wit of *Scotland*, and the pride
 She said ; and, grunting, with her Sawneys dy'd.

Now rumbling murmurs fell from ev'ry tongue,
 Anxious to have the paper-fire begun.
 When lo ! an hubbub stunn'd the prick'd-up ear,
 Of bones and cleavers, with a loud " Stand clear :
 " Here come th' affassins of a worthy dame,
 " When living lov'd, and Common Sense her name :
 " What's more, nay Reason, and the suckling Wit,
 " Were stabb'd, and bury'd low in critick pit.
 " Here view the perpetrators of the work : —
 " *Bra lads* of Scotland, *levellers* of Cork.
 " Weary of wisdom, and her flow'ry reign,
 " They dragg'd up *Dullness* from her dark domain.
 " Like Lisbon Jesuits banish'd liberal arts,
 " Reason, like Canning, sent to foreign parts ;
 " Espous'd, like G-f—e, Dullness with their might,
 " And would have crown'd the gypsy, wrong or right."
 Thus the banditti of a partial shore
 An illegitimate invited o'er ;

And

And spite of all that's Protestant and good,
Would rule the British with a Popish blood.

So great a clamour fill'd the casing air,
It drew all beast, domestic, known, or rare:
The grim monarchial lion took his place,
Shook his full wig, and dignify'd his face;
Each on the right and left assum'd his seat,
As his abilities were mean or great.
They form'd a crescent round the fun'ral pile,
As beast and judges, never deign'd to smile.
The birds attended ev'ry sage harangue,
And wing'd quotations down from Chekiang*.
For man the monkey dipp'd the pedant's pen;
And Ass, the proctor, bray'd against the men;
Grimace, and noise, from each by turns succeed,
As in the inns of court, when lawyers plead.

* A province in China, the capital of which is Hangchu: The laws of China being deemed the most ancient.

Short was the contest, candid were their views,
 And Afs, and Justice, damn'd the two Reviews.
 The grieved king, and Lyon was his name,
 Added their *periodicks* to the flame :
 In *Lisbon* thus did *Malagrida* * blaze,
 His tenets ending with his ill-wrote days.

They mount the pile, with orders to prepare,
 And groan their errors in extemp're pray'r :
 But oh ! alas ! before they well begun
 They blaz'd, contending with the blazing fun.
 Let future ages mark the happy cause,
 How mighty nonsense dy'd by savage laws.

Beast in all times retain'd their reputation,
 And pass'd the man amongst the fair creation :
 Not all the rhetoric of an angel's tongue,
 From Jove, the vig'rous, mighty, fair, and young,

* Burnt at Lisbon in the year 1761, for his tenets, at the public
Auto de fe.

Could

Could conquer Leda in a god-like shape,
 Who glow'd with rapture in a feather'd rape:
 Jove perform'd stratagems unknown to man,
 For what he lost in god-head, gain'd in Swan.
 How would it now surprize a modern's eyes,
 To see his wife lay eggs of such a size!
 But how it must encrease the goody's mirth
 To see four children sprawling at a birth!
 Think ye, in these less superstitious days,
 The ladies ignorant of means and ways
 T' obtain John Bull, Will Swan, or Robin Bear,
 In spite of all the husband and his care:
 We want no Jupiters, in swan-like shapes,
 We've cuckolds plenty, and as easy rapes.

Behold Pasiphaë, lovely queen of Crete,
 Instead of arms embrac'd by cloven feet.
 Taurus preferr'd, and the Dædalian spell
 Before her Lord *, the bearded judge of Hell.

* Minos.

F

If

If females now had such infatuations,
Ye gods! what *Minotaur's* would fill these nations.

See fair Europa, and her golden locks,
Elope in love with Jove, a milky ox :
See how the wanton hugs the sturdy *brute*,
And yet despis'd him in a manly suit :
Oh ! how the youth of old Phœnicia swore
When the beast bore her to the Cretan shore.
So M—— rav'd when frantic P—— fled,
And stain'd the honours of the nuptial bed.
But what is man, if e'er so quick he move,
To female pinions mov'd with lust and love?
What must we think when, lo ! a moral miss
Weighs against character, an empty kiss?
When she can reason on eternal sin
With less indiff'rence than *she sticks a pin*.
Call soul and body lost with God and Man,
And take the Devil as she flirts her fan.

What

What horrid consequences end in lust,
For man, with love, and woman surely's more than dust.

Would not an heiress, in these rigid days,
Straddle an ox, if she could get no chaise ?
What won't a girl do, full of flesh and blood,
To have the thing she doats on,—bad or good ?
We've more Europa's than Phœnicia had,
As fair completely, and indeed as mad.
Rather than sigh away nights, days, and morns,
They'd ride the Bull, or hang about his horns.
The modern miss, when she has pass'd her teens,
Dies in romance, and *Smolletean* scenes ;
Calls well-experienc'd Betty to her aid,
And vows, in sighs, she's sick of be'ng a maid :
Betty, as quick as thought, projects the plan,
And marks a monkey officer the man.
The martial hat engrosses ev'ry thought,
And all is conquer'd by the scarlet coat.

Alas !

Alas ! the rigid father's watchful care,
 Keeps the fierce captain from his dying fair ;
 In spite of Betty's ev'ry artful plan,
 The parent stands before the well-dress'd man,
 Who swears by all the living and the dead,
 " He hates a strutting Jackanapes in red."
 Locks up dear Polly from her morning-walk,
 To bite her pretty nails, and pine on chalk ;
 Prevents a soft appointment in the Park,
 And all the plans of Cupid, and the spark.
 But glowing virgins never want a wile,
 If lust and resolution fan the guile :
 Impatient Miss inverts poor Betty's plan,
 Elopes to Scotland with her father's man.
 Where lies the diff'rence 'tween miss Polly's cull,
 And fair Europa and her milky bull ?
 This, and no more, friend ;—but it's *inter nos*,
 One took O'Kelly, t' other Sampson Bos.

Europa's rape we've heard Phœnicia boast;
 Had they like us, a merry scratching ghost?
 Were they impos'd on by the quick and dead,
 Did pious Priests shake round a girl in bed?
 With them did ever parson wear a *smock*,
 To cheat a half-taught ghost, a *simple knock*
 But what's more strange, more foolish, and more shocking,
 Ladies, as well as men, had each their private *knocking*.
 Tell me a beast, among the live creation,
 That's half so cred'lous as this bed-rid nation?
 All beasts have instinct, be it large or small,
 Woman leads man, and woman's none at all:
 First this then that; but all inclines to evil;
 To day all *Whitfield*, and to morrow devil.
 'Tween me and *Ovid* there are wond'rous odds,
 I sing of men and beasts,—he brutes and gods;
 And yet, I think, could I but paint as well,
 Could I his Cow and Iö both excel?

G

When

When watchful Juno spoilt her husband's feast,
 He metamorphos'd Madam to a beast :
 But crafty jealousy that woman yields,
 Begg'd the dear Cow—to graze around her fields.
 Our metamorphoses are not like these ;
 Yet unperceiv'd our ladies cross the seas :
 Excel the wantons in the days of yore,
 Fear off our married men to yonder shore ;
 Unheeded drag a mad flagitious life,
 And smiling, pity the best injur'd wife.
 May we not stile the brutes the sager kind,
 Whom instinct gives a nobler, juster mind ?
 Say, will the wren defile the linnet's nest,
 Or will the dove disturb the swallow's rest ?
 Or will the wanton cock deflow'r the swan,
 Or sparrow vary like the bestial man ?
 Will the jackall, in whom the lions trust,
 Swerve from his herd, and for his princess lust ?

§

Or

Or will the haughty, watry monarch, shark,
Seduce the gaudy dolphin, in the dark?
How chastity appears in grov'ling swine,
When various man compar'd with various thine.
Learn from the constant elephant to live;
He'll spare that reason mortals cannot give:
How honour trembles in the godlike mind,
When brutes read moral lectures to mankind:
When even reptiles keep the circle giv'n,
And point poor erring man the road to heaven.

Ye snarling curs, or criticks of these days,
Quit the vain search of honorific Bays;
Contend no more for filth, or Fleet-ditch bog,
And mark the canine maxim—DOG EAT DOG.
Apollo owns it, I repeat the rhyme,
* * * * the only poet of his time.
My sing song's done—dear ladies you'll excuse
The little freedoms of a little muse;

Credit

Credit my words, 'tis Venus gives the praise;

“ * * * the truest *beauty* of her days.”

And tho' I've censur'd, yet believe me, fair,

She is both God and man's peculiar care:

Long may she live, the subject of my pen,

Her, and her virtues, make the muses ten.

Rebellious authors, dip no more in gall

The goose's plume, against your own *Guildhall*:

Why the same spite that flutters in a belle,

If Churchill writes, and others hardly spell?

Why make the ancient great Parnassus shake,

And all your own poor characters at stake?

Great Phœbus sent me, Phœbus has his fears,

The tender god weeps deluges of tears;

An happy union recommends to all,

Down with a party Scot, and party wall.

The bouncing muses don't regard their noses,

Thistles and shamrock bind up with your roses;

* and Apollo—may accept your posies.

Thus

Thus it may always serve for friends or foes,
 One side may tickle, t' other prick the nose.
 Swear, Raven, swear, thou art no *Lyon's* slave,
 No *Horse* shall go uncensur'd to his grave.

T H E E N D.